

Printed and published every SATURDAY, at two dollars in advance.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

Yearly Advertisements.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the lowest of the year. Advertisements out of the front line of the paper of the yearly advertiser will be charged for separately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less, ten dollars. The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payable in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered until paid for.

Political circulars or communications of any individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements, and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued till notice, and any alterations made after notice is given.

Advertising patrons will favor us by sending in their advertisements as early as possible, our regular publication days are convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

Postage must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to.

### Mail Arrangements,

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, and departs for Memphis at 1 o'clock the same day.

The Mail from Oxford arrives Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, and departs Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton arrives Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, and departs Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Carrollton closes on Sunday evening at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Oxford closes on Monday evening at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Memphis closes on Tuesday at 12 o'clock noon.

### THE ROVER.

Fourth volume commencing on the 21st of Sept. 1844.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE of Tales, Poetry, Legends, VIT, ROMANCE AND ART.

Edited by SEAS SURIN, and published by S. B. DICKS & Co. No. 123 Fulton St. New York.

Without intending or wishing to disparage other works, the publishers plead guilty to the charge of attempting to make the over the best, the cheapest for the price, among the various periodicals of the country.

Each weekly number contains sixteen large pages of beautifully printed choice matter, with a beautiful steel engraving, and is done up in a highly embellished illuminated cover, making two volumes a year, comprising 32 pages and 32 steel plates.

The work has now lived to an age to give it a more decided character, to make it more useful, and to warrant confidence in its stability. We prefer not to sound our own praises, but let our works, if they will praise us. We have labored hard to make a magazine for the great mass of the community, that should be the best that could possibly be offered for the price, combining amusement with instruction, disseminating a taste for the arts and encouraging a wholesome and elevated literature.

How far we have been successful in the attainment of these objects does not become us to say. That the Rover has been sustained by the public, through its infancy and up to the present time, although left to make its own way in the world without any extraneous aid or influence, is a recommendation of its character and an evidence of public sentiment in its favor, which makes us both gratified and grateful. Without any material change in the plan of the work we shall enter upon the fourth volume of the work with a steady purpose to sustain its interest and usefulness, and to embrace every opportunity to increase the value of the work.

TERMS.—Single copies three dollars a year; two copies for five dollars, and five copies for ten dollars. Post Masters are authorized by law to forward subscription money free of charge.

GREAT AMERICAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER. N. Y. Saturday Emporium.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL. Of Literature, Agriculture, the Mechanical and Fine Arts; Political Economy, Criticism, Metropolitan Life, Domestic and Foreign News, Political and Commercial Intelligence, Statistics, Tales, Poetry, Music, Engravings, &c., Neutral in politics and religion.

EDITED BY EDMUND B. GREEN.

The subscribers have made arrangements for publishing in the city of New-York, a weekly newspaper, to be called "Saturday Emporium." It will be printed on a folio sheet of the largest dimensions, embracing thirty six columns of reading matter. The quality of the paper and the typographical execution will be of the most superior character. The first number will be published on Saturday June 30.

As a full, comprehensive, miscellaneous newspaper, the Emporium shall not be surpassed by any other in the United States. It will embrace every thing that can be brought within the range of the newspaper, the literature, the letter writer, the poet, philosopher and critic. It will present a daguerreotype view of life as it is—men as they are—matters and things as they seem; and nothing shall be wanting to make it a

# The Lynx.

By Keith & Rockett.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Two Dollars in Advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 1.

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1845.

NO 24.

As it shall be unexceptionable in all respects. It is intended to invest it with that kind of well-written miscellany which will render it a necessary qualification to supply the wants of both city and country, regulars—affording an agreeable amount of choice variety, with a more solid and important character.

The editorial department has been placed in the hands of a gentleman whose abilities and experience as an editor and writer are well known by the American public. In discharging the duties connected with that department, he will receive, and give with his own time and personal attention, the aid of some of the best talent in the country.

Arrangements have been made for an extensive Home and Foreign Correspondence, and writers of eminence are engaged to contribute. In this manner sketches of men and society with portraits of all the variety of custom and character to be found in various parts of the world.

A striking feature in the general character of the Saturday Emporium, will be its bold and graphic.

SKETCHES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE.

These will appear from time to time, illustrated by engravings, and will form a new era in the developments of society, civil, social, and domestic, political and public life. The world abounding in fashionable society will be unrolled, the deep degradation of the abandoned made visible, the spirit of licentiousness which prevails to an alarming extent in all classes of the community, walking abroad at noonday with a bold and independent air, will be rebuked and held up for public gaze and in fine, public abuses and private evils, of whatever nature or name, will be exposed and exposed, and what ever may tend to promote the public welfare shall receive encouragement and support.

The publishers will spare neither labor or expense in furnishing the public with a paper which shall be unequalled in any attainable point of excellence, by any other similar publication in the world.

Subscription—Two Dollars per year, in advance.

Letters on business must be post paid in order to receive attention.

Address: WARD & COMPANY, 30 Ann street New York.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE REGISTER.

The undersigned having purchased of E. A. TUCKER Esq. the Weekly Register Office, deem it their duty to address themselves to its Patrons and the public, in relation to the manner in which will, in future, be conducted.

In thus assuming the high duty of conducting a public journal, they may, perhaps have presumed too much upon their abilities and the indulgence of the public; but they feel assured, that if application and unremitting attention, be the chief requisites to ensure the patronage of a liberal and enlightened public, the success of the Register will be certain.

The political aspect of the Register, will undergo no change. To the Whig party we belong; and in the ranks of that party, we will stand, whether in victory or in defeat, and in the ranks of that party, we will stand, whether in victory or in defeat, and in the ranks of that party, we will stand, whether in victory or in defeat.

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### Thomas B. Turner, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in the Circuit Courts of Panola, Tallahatchie, Yalobusha, Leflore, Marshall and Desoto counties the Chancery Court at Holly Springs, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc.

### REFERENCES.

Thomas H. Allan, Memphis, Ten. Allan & Apperson, Com'n Merch'ts. Archibald Walker, Memphis. Walker, Anderson & Co. " J. Gibbs & Co. Com M. " Robson & Allan, C M N. Orleans. W. Y. Ghoson Esq. Cincinnati Ohio James Murdoch, Huntsville Ala. PANOLA CO., MISS.

### WILLIAM SMITH.

(Late of the firm of Miller & Smith.)

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

PANOLA, COUNTY, MISS.

Will practice in the Circuit Courts of the 8th Judicial District, the Chancery Court at Holly Springs, and the Federal Court at Pontotoc. Office in Belmont. 5-tf

### CHLVIN MILLER.

Attorney and counsellor at Law,

PANOLA, MISS.

Will practice in the Circuit Courts of the 8th Judicial District and the Circuit Court of Tallahatchie County, in the District Chancery Court at Holly Springs, the Federal Court at Pontotoc, and the High Court of Errors and appeals at Jackson. Office in PANOLA. 3-12m

### BLACKSMITHING.

The undersigned having permanent-ly located himself in this place, is prepared to execute all work in his line, on the shortest notice, and in the most complete and durable manner.

His Shop is on the main street leading from the public square to the river, where he may be found at all times. Panola, Mi. June 18 1845. 2-3w

WM. E. FARMER.

### NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent.

CALVIN MILLER.

WILLIAM SMITH.

January 20th 1845. 3-4w.

### F. EMERY, TAILOR;

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public generally, for their very liberal patronage heretofore, and assures them that he will spare no pains to merit it in future.

Panola, Miss. Jan. 1, 1845. 1-6m

### Dr. A. J. HOLCOMBE.

Thankful for former patronage, continues to offer his professional services to the citizens of Panola and the surrounding country. He hopes that his success in the treatment of disease during the past season, will entitle him to a liberal share of future practice. His charges will be moderate, and a liberal discount allowed in all cases of prompt payment. 1-tf

PANOLA, MI. January 11, 1845.

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view, at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rock Hill, in November, 1783.

And being now to conclude these, his last public orders to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he had so long had the honor to command, he could only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

May ample justice be done them here and may the choicest of heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others.

With these wishes, and this benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene to him will be closed for ever!

The closing of this military scene I am about to relate:

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days after, he notified the President of Congress, that body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland, that as the war was now closed, he should consider it his duty to proceed

thence, and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them more than seven years before.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with him in the solemn council, the privates who had fought and charged in the heavy fight under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer—the manly form and dignified countenance of the great captain was henceforth to live only in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion and marched down Broad street to Francis' tavern, his headquarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with the officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in a line facing inwards, through Pearl street to the foot of White Hall, where a large was in readiness to convey him to Powells' Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were assembled the general and field officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there were Knox, Greene, Steuben, Gates, Clinton, and others, who had served with him faithfully and truly in the tented field; but alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia. Montgomery had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle of Long Island, Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton, the brave chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches at York town, died in a trilling skirmish in South Carolina, the brave and excentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched on a bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which had entered with him in the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone—men,

"Albeit, unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose uplifted hands to cover their brows, told that the tear, which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moments conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him—turning to his officers he addressed them—

With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. He then raised his glass to his lips, drank, and added, I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I shall be obliged to you, if each of you will take me by the hand.

General Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—inca-pable of utterance.—Washington grasped him by the hand, and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the silent eloquence of tears. What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling though unspoken.

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the line of light infantry. His step was slow and measured—his head was uncovered—and the tears flowing thick and fast as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest.

A gigantic soldier, who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks, and extended his hand and said:

Farewell, my beloved General, farewell! Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotions, in both his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the men, as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and the

### WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

DECEMBER 4, 1783.

Can tyrants butty tyrants conspired be, And freedom find no champion as I no child, Such as Columbia saw I then, when she Sprang forth a Pallas, brave, and undefiled!

Or must such minds be nourished in the wild? Deep in the upland forests, amidst the roar Of east'ly winds, where nunsing nature smiled On infant Washington! Has eastern more Such sad without her breast, or Europe, no such show!

The revolution was over. The eight years conflict had ceased, and warriors were now to separate for ever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into workshops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings—or, alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want and disease. The country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and the oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means of paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier, at the commencement of the winter, and hardly fit for any other than that of the camp—their situation can be as well imagined as described.

A single instance as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburg, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieutenant Col. Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes as he shook hands with the Baron:

For myself, I could stand by it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them.

Come, come said the Baron, don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs. Cochran and her daughters.

When the old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude, for he left them all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburg, apparently in great distress.

What's the matter, brother soldier? Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now Congress has no further use for me.

The Baron was absent a few moments and returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

There, it is all I could get—take it! The negro received it with joy; hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to York, and as he reached the deck, took off his hat, and said—

God bless you, Master Baron.

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army, at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view, at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rock Hill, in November, 1783.

And being now to conclude these, his last public orders to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he had so long had the honor to command, he could only again offer, in their behalf, his commendations to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

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